

The Colonnade

VOLUME 38

THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF GEORGIA February 22, 1963

No. 7

Deadline At Hand

March 1 is the deadline for entries to MADEMOISELLE's 1962-63 Art Contest and College Fiction Contest. The two annual competitions for women students offer cash prizes, publication, and national recognition to the winners. The two College Fiction Contest winners will receive \$500 each and their work will be published in MADEMOISELLE. The two Art Contest winners will also receive \$500 each and will illustrate the two winning Fiction Contest stories for MILLE publication.

MADEMOISELLE's Art Contest, which is open to students between eighteen and twenty-six, discovers imaginative students of the fine arts. At least five samples of the artist's work must be submitted for the judging, and work in any medium will be accepted. Judges for the 1962-63 Art Contest are Emily Genauer, Art Editor and critic of the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE; Hedda Sterne, painter; and Roger Schoening, Art Director of MADEMOISELLE.

MADEMOISELLE's College Fiction Contest is open to students enrolled in college or junior college. To enter the Contest, students must submit one or more manuscripts of any length to MADEMOISELLE. All stories must have fictitious characters and situations or they will be disqualified.

Address entries or queries to either Art Contest or College Fiction Contest, MADEMOISELLE, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Yours May Help

One night next week someone will come knocking at your door. She will ask you to donate to W.U.S. If your

initial reaction is "what is W.U.S.," let this serve as a reminder. World University Service aids overseas students in receiving

a college education. It is supported by you and other students like you. So, when you are asked to give, please do not find an excuse. Your contribution may help some student stay in school.

New Officers

Wenesday Returns

CGA
Chairman of Judiciary, Brenda Groves.
Chairman of HONor Council, Pat Mercer.
Vice-president, April Brunaon.
Corresponding Secretary, Anne-Marie Sparrow
and Georgette Woodford, Run-off.
Recording Secretary, Phyllis Atwood and Jean Taylor, Run-off.

REC

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Corresponding Sec., Gail Avery and Patsy Brigman, Run-off.
Rec. Sec., Nita Brantley.
Treasurer, Gail Thomas.

YWCA

V.P., Daphne Dukes and Judy Foster, Run-off.
Sec., Donna Ferguson.
Treasurer, Susan Dean, E thel Johnson, Run-off.

Religious Co-ordinator, Evelyn Blount.
Campus COo-ordinator, Lynda Hollums.
Community Co-ordinator, Diane Davis.

Phi Beta Organizes Project

Phi Beta Lambda has organized a project to present at the annual State Convention in Atlanta on April 19 - 20. This project is aimed toward economic education and we hope it will better acquaint students with the field of economics.

A different poster concerning economics will be placed on the bulletin board in Lanier each week. These posters are being prepared by committees of Phi Beta Lambda girls.

On February 28, Phi Beta Lambda will have an open meeting. Mr. Jennings, the visiting professor from England, will be the guest speaker, and his subject will be THE COMMON MARKET. Everyone is invited to attend.

Varsity Offers \$1,000

The third annual BMI Varsity Show Competition, offering a prize of \$1,000 to the composer and lyricist of the best college musical comedy or revue presented in the United States or Canada during the 1962-63 academic year, is now open. Broadcast Music, Inc. (BMI) will also award an additional prize of \$500 to the drama or music department, or the student dramatic club, sponsoring the production.

A panel of judges including Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the Pulitzer Prize-winning team which wrote the words and music for FIORELLO!; Lehman Engel, composer and musical director for many Broadway productions; and

(Continued on page 4)

A Capella Choir Presents Annual Home Concert, After Short Tour

REC'S RAMBLINGS

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate both the Modern and Folk Dance Clubs for unusually good performances. I'm sure the high school students were very impressed by this excellent exhibition of talent. However, high school students were not the only ones who enjoyed the dancing, many compliments could be heard about the campus from both students and faculty. The sponsors, presidents, and members of these two dance clubs certainly deserve a pat on the back.

While we're patting backs, we couldn't miss that of the Tumbling Club. They certainly deserve much praise for an extremely entertaining chapel program. The catchy theme, the cute costumes, and the amazing ability of these young women were combined to provide the student body with a very enjoyable performance. Congratulations to you, too! Rec is sponsoring a Sock Hop Saturday, February 23. You had better hurry and get a date before they become too scarce.

Thursday, February 28, is the date of the All-Star Basketball Game. A team composed of the leading players from the Freshmen and Senior teams will play a similar team of Sophomores and Juniors.

Although nothing is definite, rumor has it that members of the faculty will be waterboys and cheerleaders.



The A Cappella Choir of The Woman's College of Georgia faces the camera for a group photo. The Choir has just completed a tour in S. W. Georgia, and will be presenting their annual home concert next week.

The 28th annual concert of The Woman's College of Georgia A Cappella Choir will be presented in Russell Auditorium, Wednesday, February 27th at 8:15 p.m. The choir will have just completed a long weekend tour of southwest Georgia, where they will have

sell Auditorium, Wednesday, February 27th at 8:15 p.m. The choir will have just completed a long weekend

end tour of southwest Georgia, where they will have

sung to several thousand people in Newnan, Columbus, Albany, Thomasville and Fitzgerald. The choir travels by Trailways bus;

the driver, Tommy Graham, has driven for the choir for ten years.

The 50 members of the choir put hundreds of hours on rehearsing, learning and

perfecting the music of the program. Under the direction of Dr. Max Noah, Head of the Music Department,

the choir has gained prestige throughout the eastern part of the United States. The program is up to standard this year in every way and contains a variety of

compositions that will give enjoyment and entertainment to all who hear the choir perform.

There is no admission fee. The choir has always given opportunity to the public to donate to the Music

Scholarship Fund; the interest of which is given to a worthy music student each year as a free

scholarship. Contributions may be made by mail or

given at the door, Wednesday, February 27th.

Bell Ringing, Head Pounding

By Josephine King

I have observed over the years that fire drills invariably take place when 1) one is taking a bath; 2) one is oil-painting, with paint tubes, palette knives, and wet canvases spread out all over the floor; 3) one is writing a term paper the night before it's due, and any slight interruption is sure to send one's thought skimming out of one's head, never to return; 4) one is asleep.

In the rare cases where one is not engaged in any of these activities when the fire alarm rings, one is sure to have one heck of a time anyway. First of all, one can't find one's slippers; can't find ANY shoes in fact, for Lord's sake? Where have all those heels, the loafers, the black flats, the red sandals, the sneakers in four different colors? None in the closet, frantic search under the bed - no shoes - bell ringing on and on - roommate flashed by and out the door minutes ago - building could be burning up - no shoes.

Zounds, give up the shoe idea! Dash into the bathroom for towel - all dripping wet - what have they been used for, and for heaven's sake why do they smell so strange? The answer comes through in a second; they were recently used to mop up when the turtle and fish bowl got upset...take the towel then, and run into the closet, dripping water all over the floor. Bell keeps ringing, ringing, head keeps pounding, pounding.

In the closet, all's dark, clothes thrown on the floor, draped on the walls, tossed over hangers. Must find robe. Hurry, hurry. Look for something blue. Drat that bell. Blue, blue, something blue - ah! Turns out to be light blue summer dress. Throw the dress down on floor, snatch up what may be robe, may not. Oh that bell - oh one's throbbing head - one's bumping heart.

Run, run, run out the door, barefoot, wild-eyed, clutching what turned out NOT to be a robe about one's shoulders, leaving stream of water behind from towel. Get halfway down the hall before remembering to push up the windows and close the door - or is it the other way around?

Oh, run, run. Going out of one's head with incessant bell-ringing. Dorm must have had plenty of time to burn by now. Run back down hall to the nearest door. Housemother glaring. Floorleader glaring. Fire-marshall glaring.

Out into the frozen air. Feet immediately turn blue-almost the color of one's robe, if one had been able to find it. One is afraid to join one's compatriots, who are in a huddled group, each staring at the other with an expression of hatred. All mad as the devil. Malevolent, red-rimmed eyes peering out of dull, sleepy faces. Some members crumpled in sad little lumps on the pavement. Dead silence.

Bell finally rings for re-entrance. Group wearily passes through door, divides at the stairwell, silently and grimly. Back to bath, back to painting, back to sleep. Silence.

Until the bell rings again for the second fire drill because the first one was too slow. I think we'd better pull the curtain on this one.

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Poll: Our Awards

About this time of year Hollywood turns its attention to Academy Award nominations. These are based on artistic performances, skilled technical productions, and on excellence of direction, writing, etc. It is always interesting to find which motion pictures are considered worthy of the awards by those directly involved with their production. Our poll for this issue is a small-scale Academy Awards nomination list. Fifteen seniors were interviewed and asked to list five novels and five motion pictures which had made a lasting impression on them. You must realize that the following results are colored by many factors. Our choice of which movies to see usually is determined by our favorite actors, favorite story themes, gorgeous scenery, and well-known writers. Some of us are even influenced by the fact that Ernest Gold, Elmer Bernstein, Leonard Bernstein, Richard Rodgers, or Dimitri Tiomkin wrote the music score. Take into consideration these things and see if you agree with our top-ten choices.

NOVELS:
GONE WITH THE WIND
EXODUS, TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, HAWAII, GIANT, BEN-HUR, IVANHOE, ADVISE AND CONSENT, THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.
MOTION PICTURES:
THE GUNS OF NAVARONE, THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, GONE WITH THE WIND, EXODUS, GIANT, BEN-HUR, ON THE BEACH, THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE, EL CID, SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH.

Mating Habits of the Crested Auklet

By Chaplain Callahan

Nothing has so fascinated my curiosity or called forth the efforts of my naturally inquiring mind quite so much as the study entitled above. It all started in my boyhood, when a couple of crested auklets showed up at my father's white-faced cattle ranch. (You have never seen a more white-faced ranch in all your life!) It seems that a group of carrier pigeons, who had been flying dear-John letters to yellow fever victims in Panama, had gone on strike (something to do with fringe benefits), and the crested auklets were assuming this responsibility.

The two who showed up on our separate but equal ranch had missed a couple of turns on the freeway and were hopelessly lost in their trek back to Auksville. After a two week visit, we all agreed that we had never known any more delightful auklets, crested or otherwise; there ensued a warm correspondence which continues to this day.

Freddy and Marge have been wonderful about filling us in on what life is all about on the northern seas. We feel towards their friends and family almost as though we knew them, and there's just not much about crested auklet life that my father can't speak on fluently. Yet, they have been rather taciturn about the matter of their mating habits, which, I suppose, should be a matter of delicacy in any decent society. At any rate, after much persistence on my father's part, we finally got the facts. It turns out that auklets don't have what we

would call a domestic life. In fact, they don't even have opposite sexes. (They pick out names that they like). They just get together, in twos, threes or great numbers. They talk about things and about other auklets. What they wear and own are very important topics of conversation. There are always a couple of outstanding ones in the crowd who claims to know everything there is to know and anyone who disagrees is considered a kind of nothing or nobody, and this changes his name to Fink.

There are many auklets, crested and otherwise, named Fink, and they soon learn to stay to themselves, and this becomes very confusing because they all have the same name and nobody knows who he (she) is, but it doesn't matter, because they are all Nobody.

The somebody auklets keep meeting, though. Nothing really happens. Except that they talk about things and other auklets. This is the way new auklets just happen. Nobody lays eggs or "has" auklets. New auklets just happen. And this is the way they breed.

Auklets are very ugly. Many very ugly things get bred this way.

THE RICHMOND COLLEGE, University of Richmond, Richmond, Virginia, has a suggestion for those of you who like to gamble on a sure thing: Pick out 10 of your closest friends and be nice to them. Within the next five years, seven of them will be involved in traffic accidents, and maybe traffic deaths. And death is SO permanent.

Subways Are For Purple Porpoises

By Paul G. Agnew
Northeastern News,
Massachusetts

(College students are generally thought to be a step above the average citizen when it comes to literacy. Perhaps this is true, but when they get on the MTA, something must go kazoey in their little heads. The following is a recording of an actual conversation overheard while riding the subway.)

I was waiting at Park Station to board a subway train for Ashmont. When the train screeched into the station, I positioned myself as well as I could trying to judge where the door would be when the train stopped. The doors opened and I fought my way to a seat. After I was seated I saw them.

Both boys were wearing black campus jackets on the backs of which "North-eastern" was spelled in red, square cut letters. Both were dark-haired, of medium height and weight. Both needed shaves. They had a certain quality about them that, frankly, I cannot describe. It was as if both had imprinted on their foreheads, "I am a freshman."

There was only one seat available, the one next to me. One of them sat down, the other stood in front, hanging onto a porcelain strap.

EARS PERK UP
I had intended to read, but decided to listen as their conversation began.

"Do ya wanna putcha books down?" asked the one who had taken the seat. "Oh, just physical science, English an..." "No, you idiot, do you

want to put your books down."

The standing one finally was receiving signals. "Oh yeh, here." With that he dropped his books into his companion's lap. He was suddenly alert. "Hey, whatcha got there?"

The seated one drew a small blue case from amid the volumes piled on his lap; opened it, and handed it to his friend.

"Pretty cool," lowed the one on his feet.

"Yeh, and pretty expensive. They're precision drawing instruments, but I can't draw, Haugh."

FIVE YEARS

"Ah, whaddayacare -- ya got five years to learn." "Don't remind me," said the seated one in a tone of disgust.

"What kind of engineer are you anyway?"

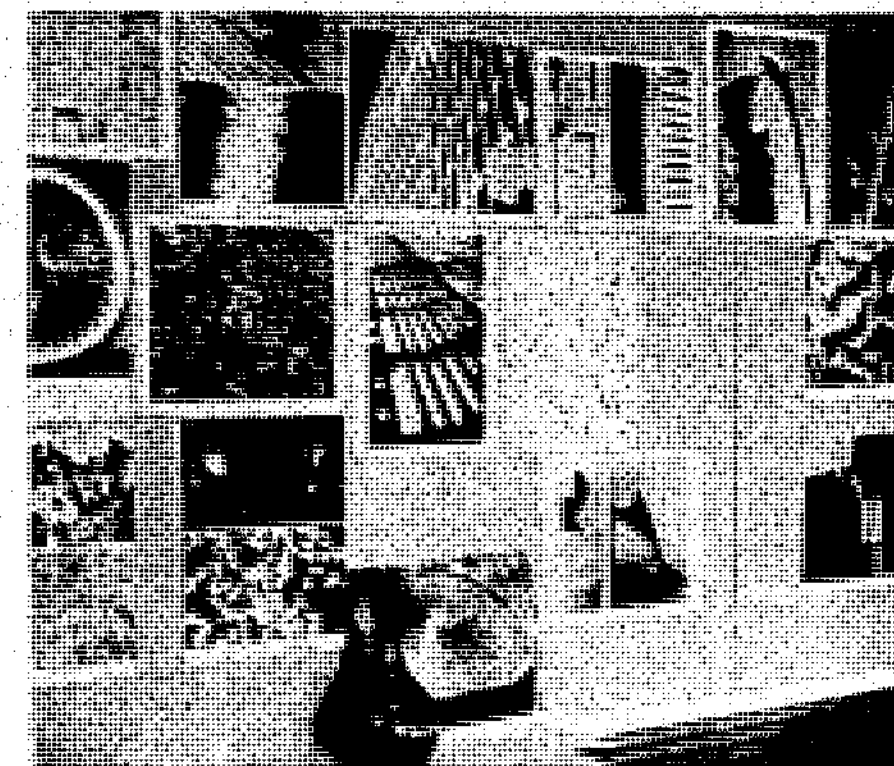
"Electrical." "Oh, pretty cool. So who do ya know in Hingham? Anybody?" asked the upright student, apparently continuing a previous conversation.

MILLIE ROSEN

One question was answered with another. "You know Millie Rosen?" "No, but I know of her." "Hah, she's got a real good reputation." "R you trying to canotate somethin?" the standing one regurgitated from his freshman English text.

"No man, denotation," his partner rejoined, "I'm sayin it."

The upstanding freshman, satisfied with the characterization of Millie Rosen, changed the subject.



Mr. Lyne's classroom in Porter is sporting some handsome new photographs these days. These light-and-dark contrasts of buildings, wood cross-sections, and budding flowers, make a striking impression.

'PEENUCKLE'

"You talk about playin' cards, I remember once me and some other guys took some other guys in peenuckle at a penny a point for twenty-three dollars and seventy-eight cents."

"You play peenuckle at a penny a point-gonna take a long time to get up to twenty-three dollars and seventy-eight cents."

"Well I was exaggerating for purposes of effect." "Hyperbole, as it were." "Yeh, say how come you know all that stuff--anelectrical engineer, I'm the English major." Fighting to maintain my bearing, I cringed only slightly at this blasphemy.

HEAD ROLLING

"Well, said the engineer, 'I don't have much trouble with English. I do pretty good in themes. I kinda like it. Like the laid, I liked that.'"

"Yeh, said the English major, 'what with all the heads rollin' and all the blood and everything, it was pretty cool.'"

"Yeh, it was, I liked it."

"Ya know, it's good to know some English," added the future Ernest Hemingway, showing his prejudice. "I mean, no matter what field you're going into --math, engineering or anything,"

"Oh yeh, no doubt about it," agreed the engineer. "How'd you get into it?" "I speak the language. Hoofha, Haugh!"

"Ya know," said the engineer from his seat of wisdom, "it's good to read good books and things but who's got time anymore?" "Yeh, school kills all that stuff."

"But I do pretty good in English themes, though."

Disregarding any effect his statement might have had on other passengers, the bright little fellow continued, "And onnamata-peea, that's another thing I like to write in."

"Like crash, bang, boom," exploded the electronics expert.

"Yeh." "Okay, wise guy," challenged the engineer, "you talk about writin'--What's this from 'And all the pearls of Arabis shall not sweeten my little hand.' 'DAMNED SPOT'?"

The English expert hesitated only a split second. "Unh-Macbeth, his wife--'Out, out, damned spot.' That's the one where she sleepwalks."

"Yeh, you're right," the engineer was apparently surprised.

"Here's one back at you--'The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain--'"

"All the world's a stage!" burst the Husky engineer.

"Ya know," the English major mused, "when I'm a senior I gotta take--unh--two and a half terms of Shakespeare--twenty-five weeks."

"Rotsaruck," came the encouragement.

"Well, I'm not saying he's the world's greatest writer like some people would." The scholar was passing judgment. "But he I'd rather I'd rate him with oh--Chaucer, Milton and..."

"Alexander King."

"Yeh, and Yogi Bear. Loo."

"Yeh, and Yogi Bear. Loo." "I gotta get off. er, I gotta get off. Gimme my hooks. See ya tomorrow. Take it easy."

"Yeh, take it easy. See ya 'round."

That's all there is to it, really. The incident seems worthy of attention. I think it's pretty cool myself. Oh, well, take it easy. See ya 'round.

From Other Colleges

PARADE OF OPINION

(ACP)--Should we abandon grades in college? Answers Bill High, student at Oregon State University Corvallis: "Hogwash!"

In a letter to the OSU DAILY BAROMETER, he says that every few months a major catastrophe strikes a large portion of humanity -- that fateful day shortly after finals when students suddenly are faced with reality. After a term of sloughing, self-delusionment and cramming, one suddenly discovers that a "B" in Success 1963 is hard to come by.

Immediately following the above rude awakening, honor student and flunky alike begin to make noises against our competitive grading system. Their arguments are quite sound, but only if they are taken

out of context with our society. Let us examine the way in which grades are integrated into our society.

In the first place, we live in a competitive society. Life is one long series of competitions, and it is because of this very competition that democracy can even exist. Now, as every businessman knows, it is easier to compete and succeed against an equal than against something superior. In order to compete in a field, a company must have well-qualified personnel. Here is where our educational system comes in.

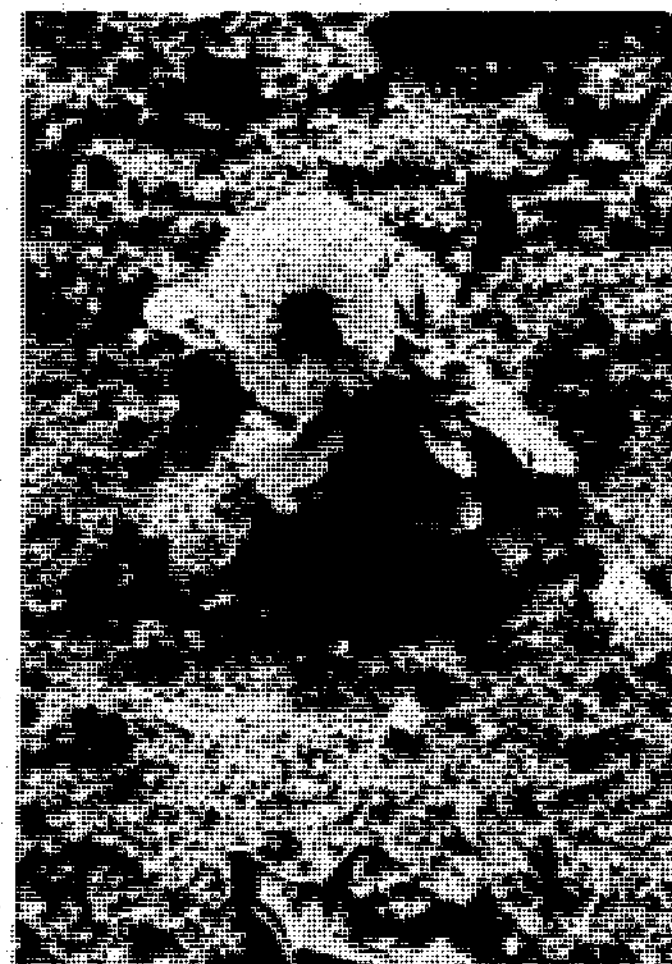
Our schools must provide these personnel. At the same time, the schools must provide business with an easy method of determining who is most qualified to do a job.

Competitive grading is part of that method. Grades give an indication of willingness to work and willingness to accept at least some of the rules of society.

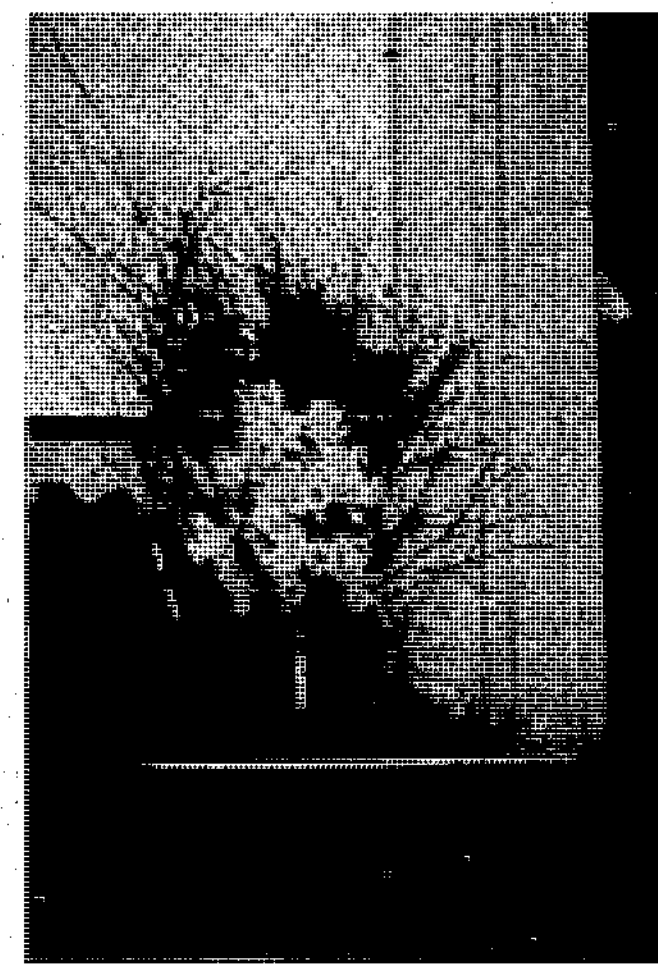
Grades, then, reflect not only intellectual ability but also the degree to which a person will apply this ability.

We should abandon protectionism and instead teach Johnny how to compete. Perhaps then he would be better prepared for adult life. And, to those who say that it's not the grade that counts, it's what you learn, I say hogwash again. The two go hand in hand.

Let us not abandon grades. Instead, let's abandon self-delusion and go out and face that cruel, nasty world as it really is. Who knows--we might even find it an enjoyable way of life.



SPRING IS COMIN' OUT ALL OVER... Even though it's cold right now, and students are burdened with coats, raincoats, umbrellas, books, term papers, and nightmares of final examinations, things are looking up. Signs of the inevitable change of seasons are evident even now. Brave little yellow pansies in the Bell gardens, bright yellow daffodils from a sheltered corner,



branches of white-blooming shrub, and hundreds of tiny yellow flowers popping out by the YWCA apartment--all of these things make the last of winter quarter a little gayer, and we begin to think that maybe we can get through, after all.



SAI Presents Musicale

In striving toward our objective to "Foster greater appreciation of the arts" on our campus, Beta Rho chapter of Sigma Alpha Iota will present its annual American Musicales in chapel on March 4th. Those performing are Carolyn Adams, Betty Ann Bailey, Marjorie Doak, and Pat Boterweg. The selections you will hear will be from the works of Samuel Barber and Douglas Moore.

On the evening of February 11th our chapter enjoyed a Hi-Fi Musicales at the home of Mrs. Robert McCandliss. Sandra Dunn and Marsha Smith presented the program which was based on Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D Major, Opus 61. Following the program the chapter members, patronesses, alumnae and advisors enjoyed a social hour.

VARSITY

(Continued from page 1)

Robert B. Sour, BMI vice president in charge of writer relations, will judge the entries. They will be joined by other leading figures from the musical theater world.

Rules for the competition, which closes June 15, 1963, are available from Robert B. Sour, Broadcast Music, Inc., 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York. Announcement of winners will be made no later than October 15, 1963.

Country Set



Top	\$10.99
Skirt	\$10.99
Shirt	\$4.99
Coulotte	\$10.99

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YOUR
responsibility



TOP INTEREST—A real conversation piece is this smart all-cotton overblouse in a toile or story-telling print. By Ship 'n Shore.



CARRY-ALL — Got an empty ice cream carton? Turn it into an attractive tote bag by covering it with cotton feed or flour bags. For a coordinated look, use matching bags for dress. Instructions from National Cotton Council, Bag Dept., Box 9905, Memphis 12, Tennessee.

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ON TOUR—The 1963 Maid of Cotton, lovely Shelby Smith of Albuquerque, N. M., will travel to 31 major cities in the U. S. and Canada this spring as the cotton industry's fashion and good will representative. Late in May, she'll board a Pan American jet clipper for leading fashion capitals of Europe.

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